



SONNETS.

SUPPLEMENTAL TO

“SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.”

BY

WARREN HOLDEN.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRESS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1889.

Professor Colton Smith
with the Compliment
of the Author

Girard College
Philadelphia Pa.
U.S.A.

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TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Being unsearchable, thy holy name
Reveals its latent power in every heart.
Whether the self-accusing conscience start
At Baal's, Dagon's, Moloch's evil fame ;
Or whether Vedas, Eddas, Korans frame
Their varied versions of the priestly art ;
Each feigns itself thy chosen counterpart.
Yet thou remain'st immutable—the same.
Jew, Gentile, or Mahometan, at strife
With deist, atheist, or agnostic free,
Each hopes to find his creed approved above.
But they whose pure religion means their life,
Their worship, deeds of human charity,
Best know thee by thy Christian name of Love.

APPEARANCES.

To common sense the earth is solid ground,
The stable centre of the concave sphere :
While sun and stars, like changing moon, appear
As satellites to dance their daily round.

Each new Copernican hath duly found
This earth of ours a humble charioteer
Circling the central sun in swift career.
Still stubborn sense decides the view unsound.

'Tis thus where selfhood fills the foremost place.
Capricious, toward this all-important me,
The steadfast heaven appears to change its face ;
With frowns now threatening dire calamity,
And beaming now with smiles of gentle grace.
God changeth not ; the change is all in thee.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The wondrous intuitions of the mind,
The unsought gems of thought that sudden gleam,
Like flashes of a reawakened dream ;
To fancied pre-existence are assigned.

What limit then can pre-existence find ?
Doth one resurgence satisfy the scheme ?
Or, backward traced along the eternal stream,
Will one's beginning ever loom behind ?

Suggestions from the unseen world within
Our conscious reasoning so far outrun
As seems to prove a former self hath been.

As flowers demand a pre-existing sun,
So thoughts can only find their origin
In God, the only pre-existent one.

REAL SLAVERY.

By fortune Epictetus was a slave,
Exposed to every base indignity.
Yet Stoic wisdom kept his spirit free.
He bore his lot with patience and forgave.
The scientists, through speculations grave,
Reveal the laws of nature's mystery.
Let common men believe where wise ones see.
The *beau-monde* dictates how we shall behave.
But spiritual tyranny would chain
The soul,—prescribe its secret heavenward vow.
Spurn the intrusion with a just disdain.
Let despotism inflict what laws allow.
Let science dogmatize, and fashion reign.
But God alone shall bid the conscience bow.

THE INCARNATION.

Mankind was sunk in sensuous slavery,
The soul a desert of prevailing dearth.
How then restore lost Eden's pristine worth?
How from this bondage set the spirit free?
Essential good assumes humanity.
Submitting humbly to a natural birth,
He stoops to mean conditions of the earth,
That he may reach us in our low degree.
What condescension from the realms of bliss!
To breathe contamination's fetid breath,
To wade through falsehood's fathomless abyss,
And die at last a common felon's death!
Ye foolish, ought not Christ to suffer this?
Into his glory thus he entereth.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the waiting of a docile child,
Whose attitude implies: Thy will be done.
Whatever way thy wisdom bids him run,
His care, to keep his garments undefiled.
The wishes of unbridled youth are wild,
Coveting most the things he most should shun.
Prayer asks a father's guidance for a son,
Lest through his own device he be beguiled.
Fools pray amiss to feed their selfish lust,
Regardless of the neighbor's equal claim;
Forgetful too, that God is ever just.
Let neither poverty expose my shame,
Nor haughty wealth blaspheme thy holy name;
And though thou slay me, still be thou my trust.

IMMORTALITY.

The dead praise not the Lord, saith David's song.

In death there's no remembrance. In the grave
Who shall give thanks, where there is none to save?
My soul is sorely vexed. O Lord, how long?

Thus sickness wrought King David grievous wrong,—
Heart-sickness, which hath power to daunt the brave.
But when inspiring prayer fresh courage gave,
The wings of soaring hope again grew strong.

Dead bodies are not men. It is the soul
That loves, and therefore lives eternally.

The body's but a garment loosely worn.

The soul, of love's immortal substance born,
Remains a part of that unbroken whole.
Because I live, ye also live in me.

“BLESSÉD ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.”

The poor in spirit make no boastful claim

To spiritual riches as their own.

Goodness and truth, true riches, are a loan

To be made use of in the Master’s name.

The worldly-wise would spread abroad their fame

By building fortune on self’s corner-stone.

Their Babel tower is quickly overthrown,

And blank confusion quite confounds their aim.

Thrice blessed those in self-opinion poor,

Content to make their hearts the Lord’s abode ;

Children of God, and with his Christ joint heirs.

Their heavenly calling and election sure,

Earth’s dearest treasures are a cumbering load,

Since God’s whole kingdom with its wealth is theirs.

“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND
THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

A weary wanderer o'er life's desert sand,
Athirst for righteousness, with hunger faint,
And all uncleansed of error's leprous taint,
Implores the succor of thy bounteous hand.

The wilderness o'erflowed at thy command,
And manna silenced famine's bitter plaint.
My starving soul, O Lord, do thou acquaint
With milk and honey of the promised land.

And though thou feed me, let me hunger still;
And for thy righteousness renew my thirst.
Be this my meat: To do thy holy will;
While from the rock of truth the waters burst
That tranquillize the soul they cannot fill:
For thou'rt my all in all,—my last and first.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.”

Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see
What glorious truths the sight of God implies.
Obscurity nor doubt shall dim their eyes
To open view of heavenly mystery.

The sensuous breeds the mists of myopy,
As blinding fogs from noisome fens arise.
Who breathes that poisonous malaria, dies
To all ambition save of low degree.

Whether our sky is overcast or clear,
The stars of truth shine on forever bright.
Purity of heart will purge the atmosphere,
Unveiling thus their sometime hidden light ;
And as the golden lanterns reappear
Blind groping faith leaps up in certain sight.

“BLESSÉD ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.”

Peace, gentle peace, thou sabbath of the soul,
That softly rock'st the weary one to rest,
Like infancy upon a mother's breast ;
The broken heart thy healing balm makes whole.
When pride and passion yield their fierce control,
The unburdened heart, no more by fear oppressed,
'Neath its own vine, where none will dare molest,
Awaits the bread of heaven's daily dole.
Peace-makers ! yours the guardian angels' care
The wrath of human conflict to assuage,
And see harmonious order reinstalled.
Oh ! blessed is your lot beyond compare,
Whose deeds of love reveal your parentage ;
Children of God ye shall be rightly called.

SUCCESS.

The pliant public will applaud success
Though reached by crooked ways and doubtful means,
And though the end itself toward evil leans.
Only succeed ; the world will acquiesce.

The ministry, whose quiet toils redress
The grievances of life's unnoted scenes,
Scant benediction from the worldly gleans :
Its chief reward the privilege to bless.

Alike ignore the mercenary crowd,
Both when they praise and when they falsely blame :
Their blatant censure is less deep than loud.

Regardless of the venal trump of fame,
Despite the contumely of the proud,
Press thou right onward in God's holy name.

